

THE
MUSICAL WORLD,
A MAGAZINE OF
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF
Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατον τι καὶ ἀσώματον,
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

JUNE 6, 1839.

No. CLXIX.—NEW SERIES, No. LXXV.

{ PRICE 3d.
{ STAMPED, 4d.

An English opera of merit being by no means an every-day production, we are somewhat surprised at the silence with which the withdrawal of Mr. Rooke's *Henrique, or the Love Pilgrim*, has been passed over by the daily and weekly press. It is on occasions like this that a journalist is not only authorised, but is bound to interfere. Genius is public property, and demands the protection of the self-constituted custodiers of the commonweal. More especially, however, is a composer entitled to look for jealous and zealous care of his interests to a musical paper; and conceiving from the tone of Mr. Rooke's note, published in our number of the 16th ult., that the withdrawal of his opera could not have been voluntary on his part, and that it must have originated with Mr. Macready, the manager of the theatre where it was produced, we beg to inquire of him why the public were suddenly and unexpectedly deprived of that of which they had so loudly and enthusiastically approved?

Being not altogether unversed in these matters, we have gone over in our mind the various circumstances apparent on the face of the case, and those more covert ones which are likely to bear upon it, and they wear on the whole so ugly an appearance that, conscious as we are such considerations cannot be confined to ourselves but must have suggested themselves to a tolerably wide circle of others, we shall take leave to canvass them with our readers for the sake of both parties. Our respect for Mr. Macready induces us to make him acquainted with the surmises afloat, and Mr. Rooke's genius claims their public assertion.

The question is, has the composer been fairly treated? On the one hand it is certain that the opera was most successful, so far as its reception by the audience can be taken as a test of success; on the other, it is equally certain that the receipts, with the exception of the night on which it was produced, were inferior

VOL. XIII.—NEW SERIES, VOL. V.

[Printed by John Loughton, 11, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.]

to the averages brought by other pieces, and did not repay the additional outlay occasioned by the augmentation of the orchestra, &c. This may seem, at the first blush, a sufficient reason and a valid excuse for the withdrawal of the opera. But those conversant with theatrical affairs are aware, that a few indifferent houses at the beginning are no index of the future; that many of the most profitable plays, and of the most attractive actors, have had to contend for the first few nights against that tide which has ultimately set in strongly in their favour; and that a dramatic piece often requires time only to become the lion of the town. In short, the argument of an unremunerating success for the first few nights is a worthless and untenable one.

Here the query arises, was the opera forced upon Mr. Macready, or of his own seeking? He was lauded and be-lauded last season for being the first to bring into general notice the great and original talents of a composer who, previously, had been comparatively unknown. The opera of *Amilie* increased his own repute, and benefited his theatre. A new opera from the pen of the same composer was announced by him as one of the treats to be looked forward to from the commencement of the present season; and his jackals of the press (for Mr. Macready, lion-like, has such attendants), hounded on and yelped forth their warning of the prize in view. It seems to us very unlikely, then, that the proposals for a second opera should not have come from him. But, setting this aside, it is positive that he accepted it; and, having done so, it is equally positive that he was bound by every feeling of honour and principle of justice to give it fair play. On this shewing, how stand the facts?

In the first place, Mr. Rooke's opera was played on the most disadvantageous nights which could have been selected, being the very nights Her Majesty's Theatre is open, against the fashionable attractions of which it is vain for English operas and English singers to contend. The true managerial policy would have been for Mr. Macready to have opposed his revivals of Shakspeare and the established novelty of *Richelieu* to the foreigners, and to have given *Henrique* the advantage of those which are theatrically accounted the best nights, namely the Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. Or, supposing that we are mistaken respecting the policy of so doing, it would yet have been to have acted in a spirit less of generosity than of equity to Mr. Rooke. In the second place, Mr. Macready had profited in estimation and in pocket by the composer's first opera; could he not have afforded a temporary loss in the latter, counter-balanced by a proportionable increase to the former, to have given the composer's next venture the common chance of gaining popularity, in the usual extension of time for allowing a piece to become known? In the third place, and this we say of our own knowledge, the *libretto* was subjected to alterations during the progress of the rehearsals which interfered with the musical effects, destroying some, and counteracting the composer's intent in others. In the fourth place, the additional expense gone to by the manager for the production of a grand opera, amounted altogether to no more than that which he cheerfully disbursed to *travestie* Knowles's *William Tell*, and convert it into a hybrid between a play and a musical drama.

Thus far of the obvious circumstances of the case, which we have stated in a spirit of impartiality to both parties; and we must confess that the conviction which they bring home to our mind is that Mr. Rooke has not met with kind, or generous, or just treatment. We know not what the nature of the "bond" was between him and Mr. Macready, and therefore must take it for granted that the letter of its terms has been rigorously and legally observed.

We now proceed to the rumours and surmises which are abroad on the subject, and which, we must warn our readers, we set down merely as rumours, and those all leaning to one side. Therefore, too, we put them simply as queries:—

Were the terms agreed to for *Henrique* the same as those for *Amilie*, in this one particular—namely, that the composer was not to receive the full sum stipulated for, until the opera had been played thirty-five nights?

Were prognostications of the failure of *Henrique*, as a lucrative speculation, begun to be made towards the time that Drury Lane theatre was evidently about to terminate its season, and therefore when the composer had lost the chance of transferring his opera to that house, had he been disposed to escape the disagreeables such prognostications ever bring in their train?

Did Mr. Rooke, in consequence of such ominous signs, propose to withdraw the opera, and did he meet with a refusal on the pleas of the expense which had been incurred in copying the music, and of possession's being 9-10ths of the law?

Was he bound down to have the opera completed within a given time, and in the event of its not being ready at the stipulated period, was he forced to agree to pay his salary to Mr. H. Phillips (who was engaged expressly to perform in this opera) until it was finally brought upon the stage?

The opera not being ready at the given period, was an offer made to Mr. Rooke by Mr. Macready, and through the necessity of the case acceded to on his part, to employ Mr. H. Phillips until the opera was produced;—Mr. Macready paying that eminent singer one moiety of his salary, the other being chargeable to Mr. Rooke: Mr. Macready thus gaining Mr. H. Phillips's services at half-price?

When Mr. Rooke was told that his opera would be withdrawn, was the hint given to him to dispose of his opera to the music-sellers before the untoward event should be made public; and was Mr. Rooke's reply to this suggestion, volunteered he was assured out of good-will, to the effect that he should consider the negotiating of a sale, with the knowledge of his music's being about to be deprived of its sole medium of becoming known and popular—a gross fraud on the purchaser, and consequently a dishonourable transaction of which he could not be guilty?

On this, was he told that his notions of honour were very fanciful, over nice, and extremely different from the hinter's?

The withdrawal of the opera being determined upon, was Mr. Rooke asked, when he entreated to have the announcement of the circumstance in the play-bills made in his own words, to give Mr. Macready, in return for this presumed favour, a written assurance that he (Mr. Rooke) was perfectly satisfied with all the arrangements respecting his opera from first to last?

Did, or did not, Mr. Rooke observe, on declining to give such an assurance, that the proposal was of itself a convincing proof that Mr. Macready could not feel at ease with regard to his conduct in the affair, since he (Mr. Rooke) could not conceive a man conscious of his rectitude, requiring any other voucher for his acts than what his own heart and their defiance of the most rigid scrutiny afforded?

The above list of queries embraces the chief allegations surmised, we trust and are inclined to believe, unjustly surmised, against Mr. Macready. Our own principle in these matters is the "*audi alteram partem*," and we should hope that that of our readers is the same. Our pages are as open to the denials which may be offered as to the charges which have been breathed; and we claim the thanks of Mr. Macready's friends, not less than those of Mr. Rooke's, for bringing the subject in all its bearings before the notice of the public.

THE DRAGONETTI "HAVOC" AFFAIR.

WE had hoped ere this to have heard from Mr. Novello in the same friendly spirit in which we addressed him last week. However, before the appearance of our next number, we may trust to have that pleasure. Meanwhile as sundry paragraphs and letters on the subject are diligently circulated *via* the papers, intended as rods for our backs, we think it advisable to continue on the defensive. The first of these little inflictions comes from our "Granny!" Poor old soul! charging fivepence for her own slip-slop she raves against *The Musical World* as a cheap publication, and puffs and blows herself up on the strength of her additional twopence. Every one knows that the charms of *The Herald* lie in its gossip and its mulls—but, ridiculously as the paper is managed or mis-managed, we think that the underling who smuggled in the more than usually ungrammatical and nonsensical paragraph headed "SIGNOR DRAGONETTI," is likely to have a severe rap on the knuckles from the proprietors. According to Mr. Novello's circular, some eight or ten pounds were asked by "Grandmother" for the insertion of his letters; and here he gets what answers his purpose better, done either as a friendly puff, or in a shape for which the papers usually charge only fifteen shillings. If the owners like their property to be whistled away, they seem in the best of all possible hands for it.

The Examiner, too, admits a twaddling letter on the subject written, probably, by one of its own hacks. Its style, at least bespeaks the penny-a-liner, and if it really did come from a correspondent, it could not possibly have been submitted to the editor, or it would never have seen the light in his columns. He should look to these understrappers of his; and if he do not, we will.

A friend, to our unutterable surprise, tells us that *The Court Journal* has been "niminy—piminying" about the matter. We really thought the thing had been defunct long since; but, we suppose, that it ekes out its existence through the housemaids and straw-bonnet makers. The abigails and *grisettes* dropped it, we heard from a very pretty damsel of the latter class who used to be one of its chief contributors in Colburn's days, some years ago. We are generous; and

this mention of it by us will sell a few extra numbers of it on Saturday next, for curiosity's sake.

The Court Gazette, the weekly fashionable paper as *The Post* is the daily one—published, we perceive, two notices on the subject; the first, impugning our motives, admitted no doubt on what the editor conceived good authority; and the other, exonerating us from the charge, inserted, it would seem from further enquiry, and the gentlemanly feelings which have characterized that journal from its commencement. This is fair and impartial, and what we should have expected from a paper so ably conducted.

Now, though these attempts to injure are in the end sure to serve us, we are bound to expose the *animus* which has dictated them; and if we do not receive full and satisfactory explanation from the parties towards whom we have acted with every kind disposition, and every wish inclining us to forbearance, we shall be constrained to view the subject in another light—and handle it accordingly.

A FANTASIA ON THE PIANOFORTE.

Henry the Fourth expressed a patriotic hope to see the time arrive when every man in France should have "a fowl boiling in his pot." The anathemas of an able political writer against music-playing in farmers' houses (very just if his calculation of the effect of it were the only one) do not hinder us from expressing a hope, that the time may arrive when every family that can earn its subsistence shall have its pianoforte. Not to make them "fine and fashionable," or contemptuous of any right thinking, but to help them to the pleasures of true refinement; to reward them for right thinking and right doing, and make them feel how compatible are the homeliest of their duties with an elegant recreation. Just as the fields and homesteads around them are powdered with daisies and roses, and the very cabbages in their gardens can glitter with sunny dew-drops, to those that have eyes beyond their common use.

In Germany they have pianofortes in inns and cottages; why should they not have them in England? The only true answer is, because we sea-faring and commercial Saxons, by very reason of our wealth, and of the unequal advance of knowledge in comparison with it, have missed the wiser conclusions, in this respect, of our continental brethren, and been accustomed to the vulgar mistake of identifying all refinement with riches, and, consequently, all the right of being refined with the attainment of them.

A costly pianoforte makes a very fine, and, it must be owned, a very pleasing show in a room, if made in good taste; but scarcely a bit of the fineness is necessary to it. A pianoforte is a harp in a box; and the box might be made of any decent materials, and the harp strung for a comparative nothing to what it is now. If we took a lesson from our cousins in Saxony and Bavaria, the demand for cheap pianofortes would soon bring down the price; and instead of quarrelling over their troubles, or muddling them with beer and opium, and rendering themselves alike unfit for patience or action, the poor would "get up" some music in their villages, and pursue their duties, or their claims, with a calmness beneficial to everybody.

We are aware of the political question that might be put to us at these points of our speculation; but we hold it to be answered by the real nature of the case, and, in fact, to have nothing whatever to do with it.

In connexion with music let us hear nothing about politics, either way. It is one of God's goods which we ought to be desirous to see cultivated among us, next after corn, and honesty, and books. The human hand was made to play it, the ear to hear it, the soul to think it something heavenly; and if we do not avail ourselves of it accordingly, we turn not our hands, ears, and souls to their just account, nor reap half the benefit we might from the very air that sounds it.

There are superfine ears that profess not to be able to endure a pianoforte after a concert; others that always find it to be out of tune; and more who veil their insensibility to music in general, by protesting against "everlasting tinkles," and school-girl affectation or sullenness. It is not a pleasure, certainly, which a man would select, to be obliged to witness affectations of any sort, much less sullenness, or any other absurdity. Such young ladies as are perpetually thinking of their abstract pretensions, and either affectedly trying to screw up their musical skill to them, or resenting, with tears and petty exclamations, that they cannot do it, are not the most sensible and agreeable of all possible charmers. But these terrible calamities may be safely left to the endurance, or non-endurance, of the no less terrible critics, who are so merciless upon them, or pretend to be. The critics and the performers will equally take themselves for prodigious people; and music will do both parties more good than harm in the long run, however their zeal may fall short of their would-be capacity for it. With respect to pianofortes not perfectly in tune, it is a curious fact, in the history of sounds, that no instrument is ever perfectly in tune. Even the heavenly charmer, music, being partly of earth as well as of heaven, partakes the common imperfection of things sublunary. It is, therefore, possible to have senses too fine for it, if we are to be always sensible of this imperfection; to

"Die of an air in achromatic pain;

and if we are not to be thus sensible, who is to judge at what nice point of imperfection the disgust is to begin, where no disgust is felt by the general ear? The sound of a trumpet, in Mozart's infancy, is said to have threatened him with convulsions. To such a man, and especially to so great a master, every right of a horror of discord would be conceded, supposing his ear to have grown up as it began; but that it did not do so is manifest from his use of trumpets; while at the same time so fine *beyond* ultra-fineness was his ear, that there is a passage in his works, pronounced impractically discordant by the whole musical world, which nevertheless the critics are agreed that he must have written as it stands.

Thus much to caution true lovers of music how they suffer their natural discernment to be warped by niceties "more nice than wise," and to encourage them, if an instrument pleases the general lovers of music, to try and be pleased with it as much as they can themselves, maugre what technical refiners may say of it, probably out of a jealousy of those whose refinements are of a higher order. All instruments are out of tune, the acoustic philosopher tells us. Well, be it so; provided we are not so much out of tune ourselves as to know it, or to be unable to discern something better in spite of it.

As to those who, notwithstanding their pretended love of music at other times, are so ready to talk of "jingling" and "tinkling," whenever they hear a pianoforte, or a poor girl at her lesson, they have really no love of music whatsoever, and only proclaim as much to those who understand them. They are among the wiseacres who are always proving their spleen at the expense of their wit.

Pianofortes will probably be much improved by the next generation. Experiments are daily making with them, sometimes of much promise; and the extension of science on all hands bids fair to improve whatever is connected with mechanism. We are very well content, however, for ourselves, with the instrument as it is; are grateful for it, as a concert in miniature; and admire it as a piece of furniture in all its shapes: only we do not like to see it made a table of, and laden with moveables; nor when it is upright does it seem quite finished without a bust on it; perhaps, because it makes so good a pedestal, and seems to call for one.

The word pianoforte came up, when the harpsichord and spinet, its predecessors, were made softer. The spinet was preceded by the *virginals*. Spenser has mentioned it in an English *Trimeter-Iambic*; one of those fantastic attempts to introduce the uncongenialities of Latin versification, which the taste of the great poet soon led him to abandon. The line, however, in which the *virginals* are mentioned, presents a picture not unworthy of him. His apostrophe, at the outset, to his "unhappy verse," contains an involuntary satire:—

"Unhappy Verse! the witness of my unhappy state,
Mako thyself flut'ring wings of thy fast-flying

Thought, and fly forth unto my Love wheresoever she be;
Whether lying restless in heavy bedde or else
Sitting so cheerlesse at the cheerfull boarde, or else
Playing alone carelesse on her heavenlie virginals."

Queen Elizabeth is on record as having played on the virginals. It has been supposed by some that the instrument took its name from her; but it is probably older. The musical instrument mentioned in one of Shakspeare's sonnets is of the same keyed family. What a complete feeling of the *andante*, or going movement (as the Italians call it), is there in the beautiful line which we have marked! and what a pleasant mixture of tenderness and archness throughout!

"How oft when thou, my music, music play'st
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, that should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait?
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss."

Thus we have two out of our great poets, Spenser and Shakspeare, showing us the delight they took in the same species of instrument which we have now, and so bringing themselves near to our pianofortes.

"Still virginalling
Upon his palm—"

says the jealous husband in the "Winter's Tale." Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, and Milton, all mention the organ. Chaucer speaks of several instruments, but we cannot trace to him any keyed ones. It is rather surprising that the poets, considering the love of music natural to them, and their frequent mention of the art, have spoken of so few musical instruments—at least as if conversant with them in their houses. Milton was an organ-player, and Gay a flute-player (how like the difference of their genius!). Thomson possessed an Æolian harp, of which he seems to have been very fond. He has addressed an ode to it (from which the verses have been set to music, beginning

"Methinks I hear the full celestial choir";

and has again mentioned the instrument in his "Castle of Indolence, a most fit place for it.

All the truest lovers of any one art admire the other arts. Farinelli had several harpsichords, to which he gave the names of painters, according to their respective qualities—calling one his Raphael, another his Correggio, &c. And the exquisite little painting, by Annibal Carracci, in the British Gallery, of "Silenus teaching Apollo to play the pan-pipe" (together with a companion picture hanging near it) is said to have formed one of the compartments of the harpsichord belonging to that great painter. This is the natural magnificence of genius, which thinks no ornaments too precious for the objects of its love. We should like to be rich enough to play at imitating these great men, and see how much we could do to aggrandize a pianoforte. Let us see: it should be of the most precious, aromatic wood; the white keys, ivory (nothing can be better than that); the black, ebony; the legs, sculptured with foliage and Loves and Graces; the pannels should all be Titians and Correggios; the most exquisite verses out of the poets should be carved between them; an arabesque cabinet should stand near it, containing the finest compositions; and ***** should come from Germany to play them, and **** to sing.

Meantime, what signifies all this luxury? The soul of music is at hand, wherever there are keys and strings and loving fingers to touch them; and this soul, which disposes us to fancy the luxury, enables us to do without it. We can enjoy it in vision, without the expense.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NORWICH FESTIVAL.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—In your Number of the 23d May, and at the close of the leading article upon the Norwich Festival, you appear to be inclined to give "*the Gresham Professor*" one qualification to fit him for being a conductor of a large Festival orchestra, viz. that he is "*a sound musician.*" Now, I need not remark to you, that we have many "*sound musicians*" who are most incompetent conductors, and we have ordinary musicians (as theorists) who possess considerable skill in keeping a band together. It is entirely an affair of experience; and as you correctly observe, "*The Gresham Professor is inexperienced in these matters.*" But I would inquire, in what capacity has he hitherto manifested the "*sound musician?*" Not as a singer; for whenever he used to have the opportunity of exhibiting himself in public, it was the general remark of musicians, that his intonation was faulty; that he possessed no style whatever, and was defective in time. As a *composer*, I fear that he will make no surer ground of establishing himself as "*a sound musician;*" seeing that the two or three little things he has published were *harmonized by a professor*; and that you may assert this without fear of contradiction, I send you both my own name, and that of the professor to whom he applied for assistance. His reputation rests solely upon a creditable aptitude to put English words to music; a talent in which some persons are equally skilful, who possess no other qualification than that of an ear to detect the rhythm: also in delivering lectures upon the various schools of music, which are nothing more than histories copied from sources that you, or I, or any of his hearers, can read without his assistance, illustrated by compositions which he is able *neither to perform nor conduct*. Depend upon it, Sir, that of all the "*humbugs*" now humbugged in this humbugging world, there is none more impudent than that of a *MUSICAL LECTURE*; which is simply a concert spoiled by commonplaces upon the lives and characteristics of the several composers that may be found in an Encyclopædia or Biographical Dictionary; and furthermore, depend upon it, that the citizens of London are beginning to discover that they have not for years appointed to any office a greater humbug than "*The Gresham Professor.*"

I am, Sir, your constant reader,

F.—.

Norwich, 29th May, 1839.

P.S.—I perceive by the same leader of the 23d May, that Spohr is to come over for the purpose of presiding at his own Oratorio. Poor fellow! they will make a great stalking-horse of him. He should have come here ten years ago, when his music was, to a certain extent, popular. His constant repetitions of himself in his latter publications have made the musical public lukewarm, if not indifferent to his real merits.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

METROPOLITAN.

MISS BRUCE AND MR. JOHN PARRY'S CONCERT.—Great praise is due to these vocalists for the choice selection of music they provided for their friends on Friday morning last. We wish other concert givers would be induced to follow their example, and, instead of being eternally stunned by the Tarentella, &c., we should now and then be gratified by hearing songs, which at present seem by mutual consent to be banished the concert books. Mr. Hobbs sang in his usual chaste manner, "*I attempt from Love's sickness to fly,*" (Purcell.) We prefer his own accompanying, as in the case of last Friday; the band overpowers him. We were much gratified with a new ballad, given by Miss M. B. Hawes. This young lady evinces great ability, both in her singing and her compositions; her voice is of a rich character, and sufficiently indicates that she has been educated in a good school. Signor Ivanoff gave a new Romanza, beautifully accompanied on the horn by Puzzi: when will this singer understand that pathos and feeling are not to be expressed by bawling? If he will learn to moderate his voice occasionally, we shall have much pleasure in listening to him. Miss Bruce and Mr. J. Parry respectively exerted themselves with great success, both as regards the intrinsic merit of their performances, and their reception by their auditory. The room was well filled; but the length of the programme obliged us to leave before its close.

LABARRE'S CONCERT.—This excellent *harpiste's* annual grand morning concert afforded us one of the greatest treats which we have enjoyed this season—as thus: After Pauline Garcia had sung “*Nell' Ebrezza del amor*” (*Ives di Castro*) with a facile power, expression, and range of voice that astonished the audience, on came Grisi and commenced a cavatina from Donizetti's *Roberto Devereux*, not only out of the order of the programme as to the time of her appearance, but contrary to any announcement in it, she being set down therein for a duet and quartett only. This happening directly after the impression produced by Garcia, it seemed to us dictated by a spirit of emulation which is at once the companion and the incentive of talent, and she certainly exerted herself more than we have observed for many a day, acting no less than singing in the most impassioned style. Loud and continued applause followed this unexpected but most delightful display. Hard upon this, Persiani and Pauline Garcia gave “*Lasciami, non t'ascolto*” in glorious and harmonious accord; and then came Persiani to pour forth the very soul of art out of nothing—the “*Prendi, prendi,*” from *L'Elisir d' Amore*. It was as if the whole had been concerted to bring the three into glorious competition, and those around seemed to think, as we did, that it was Philomel striving against Philomel. We need mention no more, although we could much and with praise, to shew that the concert giver had catered most tastefully for his visitors; but we cannot conclude without expressing our regret that illness prevented Madame Labarre from appearing, without acknowledging the gratification we derived from the performances of the *beâficiaire* himself, or without—prompted thereto by our gallantry and regard for the sex—a hint that the concert-room of Her Majesty's Theatre ought not to be washed just five minutes before the time of opening. The room was fresh from the pail, and must have been felt through the thin shoes which could not have protected many of the tiny feet we saw there.

SEVENTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The first act opened with the “*Jupiter Sinfonia*” of Mozart, admirably well played: the points of fugue and imitation in the last allegro (a masterpiece of contrapuntal writing) being taken up by the stringed instrumentalists with a spirit and a confidence evincing a thorough acquaintance with the composition. The progress of orchestral playing is now so apparent at the different societies that the intricacies of the fugue in the above sinfonia offer no obstacles to a creditable execution—nor any longer is it given up in despair with the scholastic exclamation of an Oxonian amateur, “*Proh! Jupiter, tu mi adigis ad insaniam!*” Haydn's sinfonia in B flat, No. 9, was also extremely well performed. Messieurs Ribas on the flute, and Bauman on the bassoon, gave their obligato parts in the andante with excellent feeling and taste. This sinfonia, we have heard, was the first of Haydn's compositions performed at the society's concerts: to us it is the most welcome, and least hackneyed of the set to which it belongs. Beethoven's overture to *Egmont*, (its first allegro taken much too slow, however,) eclipsed all the other compositions in the programme, and at once asserted the pre-eminence of the greatest musical poet who ever wrote! We fain would gladly award universal commendation on the whole of the orchestral performances, but duty and truth compel us to state that we never heard the fugue of the overture to the *Zauberflöte* more disgracefully commenced by a provincial band of second violin players than at this concert: the first violins on taking up the subject succeeded in bringing the delinquents to the bar, and the subsequent portion of the overture was so spiritedly executed as to dispel partly the annoyance which its commencement had created. Two novelties—the one a vocalist and the other a violinist—the *debuts* of Messieurs Mario and Artot deserve especial mention. An apology was printed on behalf of the vocalist, whose recent journeying from Paris might naturally be supposed to have ill prepared him for so severe an ordeal as that which he was here doomed to undergo, as a concert singer, previously to his appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre this evening, for which he is expressly engaged. His voice much resembles the *alto-tenore* of the *midi de la France*, which Castil Blaze asserts to be most productive of this species of voice. Were we not assured of his Italian origin under the title of *Candia* (a name familiar to the aristocratic circles in which, as an amateur, he displayed his admired talents two years ago in this country), we should be inclined to think, by his style of singing, that he was Frenchman born

and bred! His first was a simple romance from Niedermeyer's French opera *Stradella*, sung with just expression and perfect intonation. In this trifling composition, with a pianoforte accompaniment, Signor Mario succeeded so well as to meet with a very favourable reception. In a duet from *Comte Ory* with Mad. Dorus Gras, the Signor exhibited the powers of a practised dramatic vocalist, and the union of their voices in some cleverly constructed and well executed cadenzas elicited much applause. Madame Dorus Gras sang an air from *Le Serment* by Auber, in which she both delighted and astonished her audience. Monsieur Artot, the violinist, is a young Frenchman of considerable merit. A morning contemporary paper thus defines his style:—"His tone is good, intonation just, and bowing of the legitimate school of France. The poetical truth of his adagio playing evinced the most perfect conception of the beautiful in art—each note largely sustained, each grace applied with judgment, and each phrase of melody invested with suitable intensity and delicacy of expression." Dragonetti and Lindley played the fourth sonata of Corelli (op. 5) in their own inimitable style. The perverted meaning of our article in allusion to Dragonetti having been industriously circulated in the shape of a circular sent to many of the subscribers, a long and hearty demonstration of good feeling assailed the veteran as he stepped forward! Perhaps on no former occasion did this eminent performer and Lindley exhibit their wonderful talents to greater perfection! The double stops, and variations of Lindley's own creation, were given with a purity and roundness of tone which no living violoncellist can ever hope to rival, and the great Dragonetti proved himself, as we have before said, unimpaired in his musical powers—and who can attempt to define them in language? The inseparable couple retired amidst a roar of applause, in which we joined with hand and heart. Mr. Cramer led and Bishop conducted this excellent concert.

MR. SALAMAN'S CONCERT.—This gentlemen has a double claim on the public, as composer and performer; and we were happy to find the claim recognised by the testimony of a crowded room. The star of the concert was Dorus Gras, who shone with her wonted brilliancy. She repeated the "Va-dit-elle," which she has given each time we have had the pleasure of hearing her; and sang, besides an air from *Le Serment* in which she ran through a variety of extremely difficult passages with the greatest ease, and an expression infinitely more charming than the mastery over mere difficulties. The echoes were, in particular, marvelously executed. H. Phillips sang a scena (MS.) of Mr. Salaman's composition, the accompaniments to which are exceedingly felicitous; and Miss Birch contrived to mar the effect of a pleasing serenade from the same pen, by singing out of tune. Mr. Salaman displayed his talent to very great advantage in his execution of Beethoven's symphony in C minor, and a Fantasia of Thalberg's. David gave his "Russian Theme" so as to delight his hearers; Stockhausen sang sweetly and purely as she ever does; and the overtures to the two parts of the concert were played with much precision, Eliason leading. The Hanover Square Rooms seldom witness a better selected musical re-union.

MR. HANDEL GEAR'S CONCERT.—On the evening of the same day on which the foregoing was given, Tuesday, Mr. Gear's concert took place at the same rooms. Several changes occurred in the programme, but the substitutions were satisfactory, and the whole went off to the content of the audience. Mr. Gear's talents are well known, and they were exerted on this occasion with infinite credit to himself. One of the chief attractions of the evening was Giulio Regondi's performance on the concertina, which was replete with taste and feeling, and which delighted the room beyond all the rest presented for their pleasure. Our waning space forbids our particularising further.

MORI'S CONCERT.—So filled was the concert-room at Her Majesty's Theatre, yesterday afternoon, that the numbers disappointed of places may afford a good excuse for Mr. Mori's giving another concert by way of indemnity. If we find this to have been the end proposed, we will discourse thereanent next week. The issuing of too many tickets may have been accidental, still it was careless. Of courses most of the musical talent at present in London was engaged by the *bénéficiaire*.

REVIEW.

Six Songs, the Poetry by Lord Byron, Percy B. Shelly, Herrick, Chauncey, Hare, Townsend, &c. &c., composed and inscribed to the Misses Windsor (of Bath), by Charles Salaman. Op. 8.

These songs are highly creditable to Mr. Salaman, who, has displayed in them musical talents of no mean order; they are difficult, but, withal, well worth the study requisite to make them effective. In style they much resemble John Barnett's clever work, "Lyric Illustrations," though easier than they. He too has chosen Shelly's beautiful stanzas, "I awake from dreams of thee," which stand first in both collections—words which ought to inspire every musician.

We can strongly recommend Mr. Salaman's work to our readers.

Then danced the Young. A Song sung by Madame Vestris and Miss Poole; written and inscribed to the Misses Walter, by W. M. Tolkien; the Music by J. R. Ling.

Although we cannot say much of Mr. Tolkien's words, which are in a mediocre style of writing, Mr. Ling has adapted them to pleasing though not very original music.

There's one that I love above all. Song, the Poetry by H. Murray, Esq., the Music composed and respectfully dedicated to Miss E. Priddy, by G. H. Garstin, Jun.

A very commonplace production, exhibiting some glaring errors in harmony, too obvious to the musician to need pointing out.

The Sisterless, "They ask me to forsake the Wreath." A Ballad, written for and expressly dedicated to Miss Birch. The Words by W. H. Olivier, the Music by E. Perry.

One of the sentimental tribe, but prettily set, and singable by any young lady or gentleman who may incline to the *triste* and subdued.

THE SULTAN AND HIS LADIES.—Where will the march of mind and music stop. The gods have made his Sublimity, Mahmoud, musical, and in return he has determined to infuse his tastes into his harem. With this view he has recently given a concert to the fair ones, at which a young Turk, who had acquired his education at Paris, played among other pieces one of Beethoven's sonatas with variations, which enraptured the assembly and drew down thunders of applause. Here's an opportunity for an enterprising young pianiste!

DONIZETTI.—This fashionable composer has just completed a grand opera, to be entitled *Polyeucte*, which will be speedily brought out at Paris. The *libretto* is from the pen of the indefatigable Scribe.

**THE MISSES BROADHURST AND MR. BLAGROVE'S GRAND MORN-
ING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on SATURDAY, June the 8th, at which the celebrated Parisian Vocalist, Madame Dorus Gras, Madame Albertazzi, Madame Stockhausen, Madlle. Bildstein, and Madame Balfe; Signor Ivanoff, Mr. Balfe, Mr. Handel Gear, and Signor Tamburini; M. Batta, M. David, M. Mori, Mr. Loder, Signor Regondi, Mr. Blagrove, and the Misses Broadhurst will assist.—In the course of the Concert Maurer's celebrated Quartet for Four Violins will be performed for the last time this Season; also, a Selection will be performed from Mozart's posthumous Opera, "Zaide," for the first and only time, by Messrs. David, Mori, Blagrove, and Loder.—Conductor, Sir George Smart. Leader, Mr. Loder.

PART IV. of the HARMONIST.
Price 1s., contains the following pieces of Music by eminent composers:—

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J. Limbird, 143, Strand.

"UP TO THE FOREST," cavatina, by John Barnett.—"It is by such compositions as 'Up to the Forest' that Barnett's fame will be extended to every corner of the civilized world; there is not a passage in this beautiful cavatina which does not bear the impress of his towering genius." The daily increasing popularity of this unrivalled composition has induced the proprietors of the copyright to publish the following arrangements:—For the piano-forte, as a fantasia, by A. Meves; divertimento, by Hatton; rondo, by Chas. W. Glover; piano-forte duet, by Valentino; for voice and guitar, by Eulenstein; for two violins or two cornopeans, by Bernard Lee; for the flute and piano-forte, by B. Lee, 2s.; and for the flute, on a card, 6d.—Jeffreys and Co., 31, Fritt Street, Soho, London.

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HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall, East, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panyer Alley, Paternoster Row, and the following Agents:—
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London: Printed by JOHN LIGHTON, at his Printing-office, 11, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, June 6th, 1839.